

exquisite taste. In the home-lights and labor-inspiring poetry of Longfellow one grows better and stronger. In the diamond pages of Emerson, diamond not alone in their size (for Emerson is a sparing writer) but also in their inward, self-generating light, are mines of rich, cultured thought, a keen insight into men, their actions and motives, and a deep acquaintance with the human soul. To read such poetry, to read and re-read until your own soul kindles into sympathetic thought, must deepen, aye and strengthen, your better, finer nature. It sets the soul a thinking, and surely thought is not too abundant in American literature. To the poetry in his nature, Macaulay is indebted for that richly flowing diction that adds such a charm to his pages. And is it not the spirit of poetry, of the grand old Hebrew sort that holds the mind, spell-bound, over the rough, throbbing sentences of Carlyle?

Without poetic culture a man can not appreciate the beauties and lessons of Art; for statuary is frozen poetry and pictures, poems in colors. There is poetry in architecture. Theodore Parker understood it when he called a spire, "a petrified psalm." The origin of church architecture as hinted at by Emerson is poetical. Anciently men worshiped in the temple of the woods. The branches of the trees formed the groined arches and lanceolated windows. Now the temple of the woods has been done into stone.

Poetry, too, enables one to enjoy a true companionship with nature. An uncultivated man will stand spiritually, unmoved on the Table-rock at Niagara. He is traversing a world of deepest miracles but he knows it not. A rock, a leaf, a star, has no higher meaning than their mere utility. The dualism, the double meaning of the symbols of nature never enter his thoughts. He looks at the obvious, material aspect and not at the hidden spiritual idea.

The poet, on the contrary, sees traces of divinity everywhere, and deciphers hieroglyphics of nature with an eye to something higher than this animal existence. He passes by the coarse filling in. He has an eye for the beautiful, the harmonious. Hence it was a poet, an art-poet that painted the